

The Involuntary Vamp

By Mikrod K. Barbours

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY. DIANA LANGLEY, who possesses to a superlative degree a quality of "aura". MARJORIE LANGLEY, her sister, a noted actress. STEPHEN DALE, a wealthy bachelor, has been devoted to her. ALEX LAUREN, a young naval officer. TED BORDEN, a hopeless editor for Diana's home. SYLVIA BENNETT, a friend of Diana's, inclined to cattiness. DOCTOR MAXWELL BORDEN, a famous noted New York physician, and MARJORIE BORDEN, his daughter, who has a mysterious past in which Dale and his dead uncle are somehow concerned. Borden falls in love with Diana, Dale, who finally finds her, signs of captivation to her irresistible charms. Suspecting that it is Dominguez, the editor decides to take Diana away for safety. Arriving at the hotel in San Francisco, Dominguez finds Marjorie, who tells her that Sylvia is starting divorce action against Ted as a result of his concern about Diana's disappearance. Sylvia intimates that there was a romance back of her disappearance. She suggests that Dale is the man Marjorie, being unaware of this, decides to accept his proposal of marriage made fifteen years before. Dale informs Diana that Dominguez, who is stopping at the same hotel, will shortly be arrested. While Marjorie is entertaining the Borden and Alex's uncle at dinner, Ted Saunders joins them. Sylvia comes upon the party unexpectedly. In an effort to get back a "father" love letter which she wrote Johnston while at Dominguez's house, Diana enters the Spaniard's room during his absence. CYNTHIA BORDEN, are people with mysterious past in which Stephen Dale and his late uncle, who died in an asylum, are somehow involved. Borden falls in love with Diana, who realizing the impossibility of her existing marriage, reluctantly promises to marry him when Leigh has freed her. Fearing the persistence of Dominguez, he takes her to San Francisco, but not before Dale has discovered her and emotionally revealed the fact that he loves her. On her arrival, Diana finds that her escape has resulted in the disappearance of her husband, and of Johnston, the divorce proceedings of the Saunders, a warrant for Dominguez on the charge of murder, and a break in friendly relations with Marjorie. In the midst of her dilemma, word comes that Leigh has committed suicide in a Chicago hotel.

Continued from Yesterday. The letter fell from Marjorie's nerveless fingers. Diana's face was buried in her hands. Tears were trickling down her slim fingers. "How terrible!" she cried. Marjorie. "A gambler and a thief! I can't seem to believe it! What luck that he killed himself before he was publicly denounced. I dare say the scandal will make the loss good and hush up the scandal." "Marjorie, you're heartless!" protested Diana in a shaky voice. "Suppose Alex did do wrong? That's no reason for being glad he's dead. You only think of what people say!" "So will you when you've lived as long as I have," replied Marjorie grimly. "I suppose he left the address of his new home in the details of his report," she added, returning to the letter. A Stormy Scene. Suddenly her expression changed. She pointed to the sentence. "I like Dale and I think he's crazy about you." "What does that mean," she demanded. Swift crimson dyed Diana's face and throat. The moment she had always dreaded was at hand. She knew now that Marjorie had never suspected Dale of a change of heart. "Why-why," she stammered, "I don't know what you're talking about. A conversation between Dale and me at the Bevan's one day—just some foolish inconsequential thing—and he, Alex, got the silly idea that Steve and I were—were in love with each other. Ridiculous, wasn't it?" Diana tried to force a laugh. Marjorie sat regarding her niece intently. She gave the impression of one who looks back over the past and finds some hitherto puzzling chapters suddenly illuminated. "Twice Steve cancelled a yachting trip because of you," she said slowly, as if thinking aloud. "When you were lost he acted like a fool. He was down in New Mexico with you. He has been like your silent shadow since you came to San Francisco. And the other night—here I am—and 'Oh!' Marjorie sprang suddenly to her feet, her face distorted. 'Oh, when I think of the other night! I flung myself at his head and he refused me! He refused me! Me! And for years he begged me to marry him!'" She whirled upon Diana in a fury. "You took him from me! You deliberately left him on! You weren't satisfied with the fools who trail after you like tame cats! You had to take my man. The only man I ever loved! Oh, how could you? How could you?" She buried her face in her hands and her shoulders shook with sobs. Diana made no move to comfort her. Privately, she thought Marjorie guilty of execrable taste in this exhibition. "Don't be ridiculous," she said shortly. "I'm not responsible if Steve changed his mind. Neither is he. Heaven knows he was faithful to you long enough. You treated him like a dog at these years while you played around with other men. I suppose you thought you'd always find him sitting on the doorstep when you chose to come home. Well, Steve is a man, not a doormat, thank Heaven! When I do love, I found I loved him. Yes, loved him. She reiterated as Marjorie dropped her hands from her tear-stained face and started at her incredulously. "If you hadn't been blinded by your own egotism and your own interests and your own sense of security, you would have seen that long ago. Everybody else has. I know I'm being impatient, not showing you proper respect. But you never wanted to be treated as being a contemporary. You wanted to be just as young as I and have just as many admirers. So now you'll have to pay the price. If you don't like me, or if you don't like Sylvia or any of the other girls of my age, I wouldn't have had a scrap in taking Steve from you if I loved him. Since you've insisted on my regarding you as one of the girls, you'll have to put up with the same lack of consideration."

To be Continued Tomorrow.

THE GUMPS DEAR OLD UNCLE



A Full Page of "The Gumps," in Four Colors, in the Comic Section of The Sunday Herald.

ANSWERS TO LOVELORN

By DORIS BLAKE.

Lamely. "Dear Miss Blake: Would you be good enough to recommend a club or something like that where lonely people may meet each other?" M. I. L. "I am awfully sorry that I do not know of any place I could recommend where I would feel sure that you would meet exactly the right kind of people. I do recommend church associations and church direct clubs would be too serious to do without a thorough investigation. I hope I may be of more help to you some other time."

BRIGHT SAYINGS OF THE CHILDREN

The Worst Possible Choice. The most embarrassing experience between me and my mother was when I entered the home of my democratic millionaire college chum and culminated in a terrible moment at the breakfast table next morning. My tactful mother, having perceived my evident distress at the dinner table, had dispensed with the services of the butler at breakfast and had arranged a simple and informal meal. The fruit—apples, grapes, oranges and bananas—was piled high on a sort of cake stand in the center of the table, and it was up to me to make a selection. Apples required the manipulation of the unfamiliar fruit knife; grapes, I knew, had seeds; I was not particularly fond of bananas, but I was not to show off a bit. But, alas! it was not to be. The partitioned banana which I selected happened to be a sort of keystone, and its withdrawal caused the whole structure to disintegrate. Apples and oranges rolled to the four corners of the table. How fortunate was Samson to die among the ruins which he created! R. T. I had never been to a formal luncheon, so when I was invited to one in a private home I took my hat and gloves off. As I was the first one to arrive I had picked up the sight of sixty guests coming in, one after the other, keeping their hats and gloves on. Finally the sister of the hostess, taking pity on me, tactfully took off her hat and the day was already spoiled for me. E. F. K. My brother was married during the war and he and his wife went to Texas, where he was stationed. On the train he happened to meet his bride on one occasion at the end of the car when no one was in sight. According to his own account, they were folded in a fond embrace when they heard chimes. There were two officers in uniform, a private and a couple of civilians waiting to get past. R. T. My nephew was spending the night with me. Getting him ready for school the next morning, I told him to go in the bathroom and wash. He came back within a second without a sign of water on his face. I said, "Why, Paul, you haven't washed!" "Oh," he said, "I only rinsed in the morning." S. B. C. I was trying to teach my nephew a short poem, but there was one word that he always left out. Finally he said, "Oh, auntie, I always forget to remember that word." R. K. I was to be gone two days on a week and was packing rather thoroughly taking many things that I might not need. Philip watched the operation with intense interest. As I stopped for a moment to look around for more impediments, the maid said, "Mamma, do we take any of the furniture with us?" H. V. "Mother," said Robert one day last week when he came from school. "I hardly whispered a bit in school today. The girl that sits in front of me and the boy behind me were both absent all day today." J. S. One day I secured some samples of material for a dress. After carrying them in my purse for a few days they were a little grumpy, and

ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT

By ROY K. MOULTON.

What Every Woman Knows. That education is a great thing. Chorus girls, girls in limousines while school teachers wait to work. That a woman's watch is great to tack down a stair carpet with or to throw at a cat. That it is no fun to smoke a cigarette when nobody is looking. That the woman who occupied the apartment last had perfectly atrocious taste in wall paper. That a bird on the hat is worth 300 that have not yet been killed. That a man who knows how to embroider and knit is never going to be a wizard of finance. That she can keep her husband from kissing the cook by doing her own cooking. "Now, Miss Blake, if this fellow cares for me as much as he says do you think he would have made such a vow? He told me that if I care to go out with him I would know just what to expect. I cannot seem to forget him. Please tell me if it is best to drop him."

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

Grateful Acknowledgments. When my aunt was married she lost track of the names of people who had sent wedding gifts, so in her notes of acknowledgment she simply thanked each friend for the beautiful gift sent her. She sent one of these letters to a man friend, among others. When she returned from her honeymoon she found a package of effective appearance, containing this man's card. It was his wedding gift to her, sent on receipt of her note of acknowledgment. I don't know to this day which of the two was the more embarrassed, but I believe my aunt may blushing claim that distinction. The Illusion Spoiled. My sister had gone to a dance, and as she had no key I had to sit up and wait for her. As the door opened, as the door opened, I felt asleep on the sofa, cozy in my big flannel nightgown. I awoke with a start when the bell rang, switched on the light, hastily powdered my face, puffed my hair a bit, and slipped into an elegant crepe de chine kimono. I was in the shade when the door opened, and I saw the whole performance through a reflection from a mirror in the living room. A. I. Aggravation. I always buy the meat on my way home from work, and one night after I had done so I met a young man whom I had known for years. We rode home together, and were so busy talking we didn't notice the stations. Suddenly, I heard the name of mine called out. I hurriedly jerked up my package and in doing so, one came unwrapped and slipped from my hand. I grabbed it, but wasn't quick enough, and to my horror there fell on the floor the yard and a half of sausage. I had bought for supper. The young man was bad enough as it was, but to make it worse, that time friend of mine began to bark and I just had time to gather up the offending Poodles and run for the door, midst the laughter of the amused crowd. I never shall forgive that young man for making a bad matter worse. Few Guests Only. I had invited some friends in for a table of bridge for the first time since being in my new apartment, and naturally tried to make everything look nice. In the midst of the game my little boy came into the room with his hands wet, crying, "Mother, I washed my hands, but I can't wipe them, for there's nothing in the bathroom but embroidered towels." He had washed his hands well and I experienced one of my most embarrassing moments. A. M. T.

Good Morning Judge

By Rudolph Perkins.

Sam Wilson is a very changeable man. One minute he is hugging and kissing Anne Young, his sister, and his niece, Emma Lancaster, and the next moment he is trying to send them to the hospital. After staying away from the home of these women for a long time, Sam recently paid them a visit. He had previously visited his favorite bootlegger. Naturally, he was pretty well intoxicated when he got there. He sat down in the parlor and counted his money. Then he went to sleep. When he awoke, he began to swear. He accused his relatives of picking his pocket of \$5. Both denied taking the coin. Sam got more and threw his sister down the steps, she said, and then tackled the niece. He took a half brick and pounded her over the head with it until the girl was almost unconscious. Of course he was arrested. "I did not mean to hit Emma with a brick," he protested in court. "That girl got in the way of the brick while I had it. I was too drunk to remember anything more about it. I can't say what happened after I hugged and kissed 'em both when I came in the house." "Thirty days in jail," said Judge

CHRISTMAS BATH ROBES

Christmas Bath Robes

Folks who remember that Christmas comes but once a year—that "Mother" is the dearest word—that her gift must be the gift of gifts, should know the season's password—"Utility." Warm, comfortable bathrobes, of fine quality Beacon cloth, cut in good, full styles, in attractive colorings, beautifully trimmed, will best answer your "utility gift" for her—and she will appreciate it to the fullest extent; and more so if her bath robe is chosen from these beautiful ones we have assembled for Christmas giving.

There are wonderful assortments here, including almost every style and the widest range of lovely colorings. Four typical styles are illustrated—

Rose and white robe, simply tailored, with pockets and cord girdle. \$4.

Attractive open blue robe, with fan design in blue and white; bound with wide blue satin ribbon, blue silk cord and frog fastening. \$3.50.

Lovely rose and gray robe trimmed in rose satin ribbon. \$7.50.

Beautiful robe, in gray and lavender, attractively trimmed in lavender satin ribbon with silk cord girdle and frog fastening. \$6.

Wabash Blues, Tuck Me to Sleep, by the Benson Orchestra. 18820-85c. Victrola Section, Fourth floor.

What's Going On Today

Addresses by C. A. Montclair de Jona, of Portugal, National Council for the Education of Armenians, 122 Broadway, 4:45 p. m. Concert by Boston High Glee Club, Eastern High School, 8 p. m. Christmas party, Business Women's Club, T. W. C. A. Building, 8 p. m. Christmas Club luncheon, Grosvenor Hotel, 12:30 p. m. Delaware State Society, Wilkes Normal School, 8 p. m. Bible League, Luther Place Memorial Church, 8 p. m. Duquesne Catholic Community House, 801 E. street northwest, 9 p. m. Kalorama Citizens' Association, the Highlands, 8 p. m. Illustrated lecture, "Lost Indians of the Willows," by Dr. J. Walter Fawcett, Anthropological Society, National Museum auditorium, 4:45 p. m. Meeting of Battery A, 110th Field Artillery, 472 I. street northwest, 7:30 p. m. Catholic Daughters of America, Carroll Hall, 8 p. m. Advertising Club luncheon, Harrington Hotel, 12:30 p. m. Carol Concert, E. of C. St. Mary's Hall, Fifth street, near H street northwest, 8 p. m. Christmas tree party, Amity Club, St. Peter's Hall, 8 p. m. Commencement, Riley School of Chiropractic, Willard Hotel, 8 p. m. "The Month," Central High School, 8 p. m.

Woodward & Lothrop

Open 9:15 A. M. New York—WASHINGTON—Paris Close 6 P. M.

A Big Christmas Selling

2,100 Pairs Women's Sports Hose

\$1.75 to \$7.50 pair

A real event for Christmas shoppers—wonderful assortments, just arrived—great variety of styles and colorings—both English and American made.

Embroidered Clocked Silk and Wool Sports Hose, Special, \$4.50 pair

Beautiful two-toned colorings of myrtle and black, blue and brown, French blue and brown, brown and gold, back and white—embroidered silk clocks, in self or contrasted colors.

SILK-PLATED SPORTS HOSE attractively striped in purple, green, gold—and plaided in similar colorings. Pair.....\$2.50

STRIKING JACQUARD PLAID CASHMERE HOSE, in white with diamond-shaped block plaid in contrasted colors. Pair.....\$5

OPEN CLOCKED RIBBED WOOL HOSE—in heather browns and Russian calf.....\$4.50

LUSTRAL RIBBED HOSE—in smart two-tone colors; lustrous as their name implies, and most attractive and unusual. Price.....\$3.50

Hosiery Section, First floor.

A Big Christmas Offering

Quilted Silk Vests of Downy Warmth

Exceptional Values—Low Prices

418 Vests, with sleeves Low Priced, \$7.95

512 Vests, without sleeves Low Priced, \$1.00

A comfortable gift for the person who's "always cold." Soft Japanese silk, interlined with cotton and nicely quilted—warm and yet very light to wear. In all black, all white or black lined with lavender.

If you are buying useful gifts this Christmas, you should not overlook these.

Sweater Section, Third floor.

Vacuum Bottles

Hotakold Make 1-2 and Less Than 1-2 Price Quart Size Now \$1.85

Just 300 of these Vacuum Bottles, every one new and absolutely perfect in quality and workmanship. Green enamel finish, with polished aluminum cup and shoulder. An excellent value and a most useful article for the home. They make splendid gifts, but you will have to act at once. Vacuum Bottle Section, First floor.

Basket Specials

Work or Sewing Baskets, \$1

The variety is large affording ample selection in sizes, shapes, weaves and colors. They are baskets that would ordinarily sell much higher.

Fruit Baskets, \$1.95, \$2.50, \$3.50, \$5 and \$6

Hand-decorated, lacquered in shiny black, gray, brown and green and handpainted, or decorated with fruit, tassel and coins. Just \$9 in the lot.

Basket Section, Fifth floor.

Dance Record

Other Bath Robes from \$4 to \$15

Bath Robe Section, Third floor.